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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merrick, Treasurer and Business Manager
Clarence C. Archibald, Advertising Manager
J. Harry Cunningham, Auditor
Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907.

THE ANTAGONISM TO HUGHES.

Gov. Hughes, of New York, will have every chance to show the metal that is in him, for appearances indicate that he has an unfriendly, not to say hostile, legislative body to deal with. The committees of both houses have been up by the party leaders without any consideration of the governor's friends. Hughes men have been given insignificant assignments, and the old crowd has been placed in charge of the important committees. In the senate, says the New York Sun, the Republican party leader "has arranged matters so that there isn't a ghost of a chance for any reform legislation to get through unless he so decrees it." In the house, Odell must have been put at the head of all responsible committees.

We have in the situation here presented one of the chief contributing causes to the growing power of the executive in our form of government. Though the people have elected both the governor and the members of the State legislature, the executive is more truly representative of popular interests than the popular assembly—a complete reversal of the theoretical operation of a tripartite government. Gov. Hughes has said that in the event of his failure to obtain the support of the legislature in his reform programme he will appeal directly to the people. He will ask for a further mandate and for the return of a legislature more in conformity with public opinion.

Why do the people look to the strong man, rather than to the legislative body in which popular sovereignty is supposed to reside and have its special expression, for help whenever popular rights are imperiled or popular wrongs cry out for remedy? The process of political action, as exemplified in Albany and Washington, is of vital import to our governmental institutions.

Some of those Texas legislators seem to think they are from Missouri.

Hours of Railway Employees.

Several incidents connected with the passage by the Senate of the La Follette bill limiting the hours of duty of railway employees are worthy of notice as illustrating the difficulties in the way of legislation of this class. There was scarcely a difference of opinion, as the final vote shows, as to the desirability of attaining the end aimed at by the bill, which is the safety of railway operation and travel. But the bill was passed over the objections of both railway managers and railway employees, as well as over the objections of those Senators who thought that its provisions would take from the States all control over hours of labor on intrastate railroads.

A considerable number of protests was presented in the Senate from individual railway employees and from organizations of trainmen against the limitation of hours of duty on two grounds: First, that such limitation would in many cases prevent the trainmen from returning to their homes for rest, and second, that it would reduce the amount of his earnings by cutting off extra time. It was shown in the debate that a great many trainmen are not at all averse to long hours and high wages, and that their employment for long periods without rest is not compulsory. On the other hand, the methods of railway operation frequently require that trainmen shall overtax their strength, in too many cases with unfortunate consequences to public safety.

Senator La Follette presented an impressive exhibit of the causes of numerous railway wrecks, in which responsible trainmen had been on duty from sixteen to forty-eight hours. Senator Daniel told of a journey he had recently made on a train the crew of which told him they had been on duty fifty-three hours. Forty cases where trainmen went to sleep on duty with serious results to themselves or to railway property were reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission in three months. In one of these cases, a collision in several respects, a collision of curved road \$1,500 damage to cars, but injuring nobody. The engineer was on duty forty-five hours, and the report of the wreck gives the cause as follows: "Engineer dropping to sleep after he had been flagged; was on his fourth trip, and had had two hours' rest at end of each; was not required to make so many consecutive trips, but desired to earn the additional wages." Such reports lend force to the contention of Senator La Follette and other supporters of the bill that its provisions are in the public interest, and that the hours of continuous service rendered by railway employees have a direct bearing on the character and quality of that service. We should think this last consideration would appeal as strongly to railway managers and railway employees as to legislators.

The State rights objection to the bill does not appear to have been taken seriously by any considerable number of Senators. Mr. Bacon sought to have incorporated in the bill a provision exempting from its jurisdiction railroads lying wholly within State boundaries, but it was decisively voted down, such strong State rights men as Culberson, Daniel, and Rayner ranging themselves against it, together with a majority of the Southern Senators present and voting. Both the Senator from Georgia and the Senator from Texas declared that the bill would regulate the hours of employees engaged in moving trains wholly within the limits of a State, but both of them voted for it on final passage. In face of the practical and very serious evils which the bill is intended to prevent, these Sen-

ators abandoned theoretical objections, leaving to the courts the arbitration of the constitutional questions involved.

The bill marks another advance in the direction of government control of railroads. Whether it will bring about the results aimed at, time only can tell. It adds much to the powers and duties of the already overworked Interstate Commerce Commission, which is fast becoming one of the most vital and potent agencies of the Federal government.

Mr. Brander Matthews says the failure of simple spelling is due to the newspapers. They are responsible for many of the blessings of this life.

New York Wakes Up at Last.

Dear old New York—provincial and complacent New York—is awake at last. It is announced that the horse cars which for years have plied New York on a plane with Squeedunk and Diggs Crossing are to be abolished. Real electric cars are to be established in their stead.

We wonder how New York will survive without the relics of an ancient civilization. Those horse cars always seem so interesting and picturesque. They were almost the first spectacle that greeted the out-of-town visitor as he threaded his way up Cortland street from the railroad ferry, and they reviled within him all the memories of his youth. The horses, sad specimens of the equine tribe, moved along in leisurely fashion, with their little bells tinkling like cows coming back to the barn, and the cars to which they were attached were as primitive and unclean as one could imagine. In the midst of the hurly-burly the horse cars made their serene and placid progress, as much behind the times as a dugout on the Congo River. They seemed, in fact, to be so thoroughly a part and parcel of New York City that the order for their banishment seems to us like the severance of friendly ties.

In all other cities of the pretensions of New York the doom of the horse car was sounded long ago. New York, however, is sul genera. It endures nuisances which would not be tolerated elsewhere; it is satisfied with conditions which everywhere else are known to be antique and inconvenient. It prides itself on its perfection, in fact, when all the world knows that its horse cars and other conditions laugh it to scorn.

We do not mind telling the hesitant Senate that there isn't any joker in Mr. Cortelyou's resignation of the Republican committee chairmanship.

The Fruits of Lese Majeste.

They are at it again down in dear old Georgia—the Empire State of the South. They are going to fight the Hoke Smith vs. Clark Howell et al. campaign all over again—only they are going to fight it in the courts this time, and not before the people.

As the result of some slightly uncomplimentary remarks submitted during the progress of the late campaign by the esteemed Atlanta Journal, the ex-candidate and present editor of the Savannah News some time ago demanded \$50,000 as the only acceptable penalty for its wounded feelings. To the great majority of people throughout the land, that would seem a rather stiff demand. Indeed, we thought much, and so stated at the time. We have wondered what reply the Journal would make—speculated as to whether the Atlanta paper, recognized champion of the Hoke Smith end of the fight, would pay up and forever thereafter shut up, or indulge itself in more or less back talk. The Journal took its time. Evidently the paper resolved to do nothing rash. The fight was over, and the victory won. Its plumed knight, Gov.-elect Hoke Smith, sits secure and unafraid in the bandwagon. The Journal hugs close to its proudly palpitating heart the biggest triumph in the band. It was a time for generosity and softness of speech, time for incensing the mailed fist in the velvet glove, time for laying aside the big stick. The Journal would be gentle and kind to its down-and-out adversary. So the Journal on last Tuesday filed counter suits for damages against the Savannah News for an aggregate sum of \$4,500,000.

And that sum seems small, too, for the reason that the News printed during that never-to-be-forgotten fight in Georgia. At one point in the campaign the News intimated that Hoke Smith was "a nut-headed fraud, and a fake champion of the people." That was plainly libelous to the extent of at least \$125,000. The other counts which go to make up the total sum as first aforesaid are predicated upon equally sufficient cause.

We congratulate our esteemed Atlanta contemporary upon its forbearance and restraint. The amount of damages asked is out of all proportion to the real and frightful damages sustained. Well might the Journal have demanded a billion dollars as damages, and still have kept within its legal and moral rights. The very nation stands aghast at the idea that any paper could so far forget itself as to intimate that the Hon. Hoke was a "nut-headed fraud, and a fake champion of the people." We shudder to think of the amount of damages the Journal would have demanded had it thought of the matter during the heat of the fight.

Our advice to the News is to pay up and drop the whole thing. In these piping times of peace and prosperity, what is a little matter like \$4,500,000? Especially, what does it amount to when for it one has had the satisfaction of expressing a frank and candid opinion of Hoke? What's \$4,500,000, anyway?

"Who is the greatest man in the United States?" asks the Indianapolis Sun. Any number of Congressmen could answer that question right off, but modesty forbids.

A Park for Georgetown.

That section of Washington known as Georgetown contains a population of 20,000. It is a city that is perfectly understood by the well-informed Washingtonians. Georgetown has not received the equality of treatment with other parts of the city at the hands of Congress. In matters of street paving, sewerage, etc., Georgetown has been neglected. Its residents plead and petition in vain for better treatment. With even a small part of the attention given by the lawmakers on Capitol Hill, who constitute the city council of Washington, to other parts of the city Georgetown would be a most attractive section physically, as it is socially, to a large element of the resident population.

The people there have been content to live quietly and unostentatiously. Their fine old residences, their sparkling lawns, their business houses, and their public halls have suited their tastes and subserved their comforts. The thousands of people who own property and occupy it in Georgetown pay their just proportions of the municipal taxes. But they properly complain that they do not get just returns from their taxes. Year after year their public affairs have been neglected by Congress. Their streets are not well cared for, their street lighting is the poorest in the city, their police protec-

tion is not what it should be; but the Georgetown folks manage to get along in spite of these neglects.

But there is one crying need of this splendid old suburb which should no longer exist. There is no public park or other playground in Georgetown. Its population of 20,000 is wholly devoid of one of the absolute necessities of urban enjoyment and health. There is now pending in Congress a bill to provide Georgetown with a park. If the proposition could be brought before Congress, there is scarcely any doubt of its adoption. It has merit, genuine merit. The Washington Herald thus refers to it again because of the great desirability for action at this session of Congress. We believe that if Speaker Cannon were conversant with the situation in all its details, he would not interpose an objection to the Georgetown park proposition. At any rate, the Speaker undoubtedly would, if properly appealed, give a hearing to the plain representation on this question which residents of Georgetown desire to make to him. We bespeak for him and for the pleasant and profitable meeting, then a pleasant and profitable meeting, that the Speaker will set a time for a committee of Georgetown residents to call.

There are other parking propositions worthy of commendation and action. In urging Georgetown's claims we are not antagonizing them. But we do feel that Georgetown, so long overlooked, is entitled to consideration and entitled to it now.

Pshaw! We thought the Senate was too much of a sport not to stand the House's little raise, even though Uncle Joe and a few others sitting in the game may be standing pat.

The Hon. Morgan Treat intimates that there "are very few level-headed men among Virginia Democrats." It is to be feared that the greater part of them have sometimes and somewhere declined to stand Treat.

One by one the Russian terrorists pick them off. A grand duke here, a governor there, and a police officer yonder. It must be extremely annoying to the Czar.

"One can read Gov. Heyward's message without 'cussing' at the end of it," observes the Charleston News and Courier. Isn't that rather novel, in South Carolina?

Savannah has elected a Mr. Tiedeman mayor. As Savannah is the city where comes all the real, genuine artillery punch, the selection would seem entirely appropriate.

It is quite evident that the great wave of reform sweeping over this side of the free has caught the attention of the weather man.

California's threats of secession have caused a broad and deep grin to spread all over the face of Dixieland.

Meditating upon the recent heavy advance in both hair cuts and highballs, the Atlanta Georgian editorially suggests to its constituency the happy idea that they skip a few haircuts.

The very general though as yet extremely gentle earthquake shocks felt throughout the land may be a sort of advance notice to the nation at large that California will fight if driven to it.

Why should Mr. Rockefeller moan that "life is full of trials" when he is able to stand off the verdicts in the way he does?

A Kentucky man has been discovered who has raised a family of fourteen on 50 cents a day. The children were probably grabbed by the hair and yanked up.

The new governor of Colorado closed his inaugural address with a prayer. Considering the job he has undertaken, we don't blame him.

It seems that they are having uncommonly cold weather in the Philippines. Now, of course, if the Philippines intends to make a habit of relieving us of our customary January weather, we may decide to become Hawaiian Islanders and prepare to resist Japan's hostile advances in that direction.

A New York congressman presented his young minister with \$50 cash for a "Christmas present, and he immediately spent it going to see his sweetheart in a town 100 miles away. Next Christmas he will get under the holly leaves and dinky little book-marks, as usual.

A Georgia man was shot by a crow a few days since. The surprising thing about this is that the aftermath of the late gubernatorial campaign in that State left a crow old enough to do the shooting.

According to the Youngstown (Ohio) Herald, in searching for a lost article, Mrs. Thomas fell and broke her wrist. It was found by Dan Donnelly. Evidently, Mrs. Thomas possessed an uncommonly brittle wrist.

Investigators have discovered that "the street cars in New York are suffering from 1,500 flat wheels." However, the suffering of the cars isn't to be compared with the suffering of the passengers.

Prof. Star says his phonographic records of African pygmies' songs will show them to be the equal of many American popular airs. Unless they are a great deal better than the songs of the pygmies, the professor should be somehow induced to ship the records back to Africa.

According to a Boston paper, "Mr. Irving appeared in the city of Boston and was driving at when he said: 'Mr. Irving is not half bad, notwithstanding the opinion of some people.'"

"Winter is itself again," says the Baltimore American. Winter is still very cleverly disguised as June in this vicinity. Provided the thermometer doesn't catch this paragraph before the paragraph catches you, eye.

It is to be hoped that the Long Island gentleman who has won a fortune of \$1,000,000 by abstaining from spirituous ferment for thirteen years will not waste in now and try to make up for lost time.

A man has made a phonographic record of one of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, and declares that it will "go thundering down the ages." It will do nothing of the kind; it will go rattling, squeaking, and buzzing down the ages.

It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt will write a letter to Mr. Carnegie in rigidly unimpaired spelling. If true, simplified spelling becomes a closed incident.

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Miss Eric Farwell, of Rock Haven, Pa., recently killed a 250-pound bear, a wild turkey, a raccoon, and a brace of rabbits in one day. The only thing in the world that keeps Miss Farwell from being appointed ambassador to some court is the fact that ambassadors are not in good standing just at this time.

In order to prove that there was no grafting in the Pennsylvania capitol job, Gov. Pennypacker quotes copiously from ancient Chinese writers. As witnesses, we have no doubt they will be about as hard to reach with a subpoena as John D. Rockefeller.

If this weather keeps up, we have no hesitancy in predicting an ice cream famine next summer at 3 o'clock.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AN OYSTER ORGY.

Oysters John D. can't afford, Lately I saw,
Terrible luck, on my word,
Bring me some raw!
These are the genuine goods,
Only too few.
Oysters are first of all foods—
Make me a stew!

These but my appetite whet;
Bother the check.
Oysters enough I can't get.
Steak and a peck!
Seem to taste better to me—
(Fetch me a fry!)—
Now that I know that John D.
Finds 'em too high.

Getting Smaller.

"They're talking of altering the Constitution."
"Well!"
"While they're about it they might as well write it: 'We, the people.'"

Wags Meet.

"Plenty of war in Warsaw," remarked the near-humorist.
"Yes; and that other town is having dead loads of trouble," responded the almost-wit, as he proceeded to light up an El Flor de Skunk Cabbage.

When Woman Rules.

We shall not have so much red tape
When woman gets her dues.
She'll keep the world's affairs in shape
With dainty mauves and blues.

Caustic.

"At five o'clock this morning one thousand people were waiting in line to purchase seats for a theatrical performance. Most of them were women."
"Your second sentence is superfluous, my friend."

His Kind.

"Step right in," said Satan, "and get acquainted with the fiends."
"Thanks," responded the new arrival.
"Where will I find the bridge what fiends?"

Or Billiards?

"I'm sick of all these Ethelbursts and Lyndhursts and Swamphursts."
"So?"
"Yes. Why doesn't somebody get original and name a subdivision Parkhurst?"

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE AVERAGE PERSON SPEAKS.

They come in with little notebooks with the names of the members of the House and they ask what time I get up and what time I go to bed, and they want to know my menu—if I favor wieners, and what quantity of liquids I require to quench my thirst.

They put down my eyes, and whiskers, and my height, and width, and age, and number of my children and the figures of my wages.

And they ask about my parents and ancestors till they reach
Back to where old Noah landed in the ark upon the beach.

Then they jot it down and add it, and subtract it once or twice,
And they shake my hand and give me quite a lot of good advice—
Telling me that I should really find some nobler work to do.

And that there are lots of units in a bowl of Irish stew.

I'm a column of statistics; I'm a problem in per cent.
They are using me to figure why the land-lords raise the rent,
And they tell me that calories may be found in simple food.

And that floors of polished tiling hold less kermes than those of wood.

Oh, it's helpful, what they tell me! Why, I find that daily baths
And the practice of deep breathing help us from the graveyard paths,
And I've learned that fifty chews to every bite of food I eat.

Make a hash of my life as helpfully as a half a pound of meat.

Still, I don't like to be added, and I don't like to be tabbed—
And I wish that I might see every now and then jabbed
By some folks that think that dogs, and cats, and mice should be let be,
So I wish the folks with notebooks would stop vivisectioning me.

SOME INVENTIONS.

Chargem Lotts, the well-known ice man, has perfected his icebox and refrigerator on which he has been working for several years. The invention is not only ingenious, but remarkable in its way. Beneath the ice chamber is placed a flat firebox, which has a smokestack running up the back of the refrigerator. In the firebox is burned coal or wood, or if desired, a gas burner may be connected. Mr. Lotts figures that by its use a hundred-pound cake of ice may be melted in two hours.

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CAPITOL GOSSIP.

It Was "the Civil War."

No more is to be heard of the "war of the rebellion" nor the "war between the States." What Gen. Butler once called in derision "the late unpleasantness" is henceforth to be known as "the civil war." The Senate decided yesterday after a discussion that became emotional, it all came about in a simple enough way. Senator McCumber had called up his service-pension bill. In its title were the words, "the war of the rebellion." Instantly the rippling, red locks of Senator Carnack were waving like an oriflamme. He objected to the designation of the affair of 1861-65 as "the war of the rebellion." He contended that the designation was offensive. There was no one to say him nay. Not once was the erstwhile bloody shirt flaunted on the Republican side of the chamber. Mr. McCumber, born in Illinois only three years before "the civil war," and reared in Minnesota and North Dakota, urged no objections to the Tennesseean's contention. In fact, Mr. McCumber declared that the "war of the rebellion" was a title of the bill without his knowledge, it having been agreed upon in committee that the term "civil war" should be used. Mr. Teller, Democrat, contended that "war of the rebellion" was correct, though he didn't insist upon its remaining in the title. Mr. Money contended that "between the States" was really proper designation. Mr. Bacon quoted Senator Lodge and other eminent historical authorities in support of secession as an abstract proposition. Mr. Scott, who fought at the Union side, related a story of how a Southern soldier had been killed in battle in West Virginia and buried there forty years ago, and how that man's son had been killed under the Stars and Stripes, and Cuba and his body had been brought back and buried by the side of that of the father. For a spell it seemed as if the Senate would have a good, old-fashioned cry. Mr. Carnack announced that the title was adopted unanimously, and after Mr. Carnack had crossed the chamber and shaken hands with Mr. Scott, and Mr. Culberson had smiled and nodded at the "Great Virginian" and the incident was closed, with the understanding that hereafter the unhappy affair of 1861-65 is to be referred to in the Senate only as "the civil war."

Who Can Be Heard.

The election of Representative William Alden Smith to the Senate by the Michigan legislature the other day will remove from the House one of the few members of that noisy body whose voices can be heard in all parts of the chamber. The Wolverine statesman has a voice of peculiar timbre and carrying power. No matter how uproarious the proceedings may be, if he is talking every word he utters can be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the legislative chamber. There are only two other members of the House who are at all comparable to the newly elected Senator in this regard. They are Mr. De Armound, of Missouri, and Mr. Littlefield, of Maine. Like Mr. Smith, they do not seem to make special efforts to be heard, and neither of them appears ever to put extra exertion in the effort. They merely speak their voices out through the clamor of the session in the House like a bugle call in battle.

Mr. Smith achieved peculiar distinction during the strain preliminary to the war with Spain. He visited Cuba just at the height of the war feeling and when he interfered with on the streets of Havana by some Spanish soldiers he assaulted them with his umbrella with great intrepidity and valor. He lost his umbrella in the process, but he was victorious in the greater honor and glory of the Stars and Stripes. His triumph was a forerunner of the things then to store for Spain.

This May Not Be True.

A rumor that is causing excitement, not to say interest, at the State wing of the Capitol is to the effect that President Roosevelt recently has intimated a purpose to appoint a prominent negro Republican politician in Ohio to some important Federal office in the Buckeye State, partly in recognition of Senator Foraker's valorous defense of the colored man and brother in the Brownsville affair, partly to counteract whatever injury may eventually be inflicted upon the President's son-in-law, Representative Longworth, by that affair, and partly as a recognition of the colored vote in Ohio. It is generally conceded that in normal circumstances the negro vote in the Buckeye State just about represents the Republican majority there. Two of the most important Federal offices at Cleveland are now held by Hanna holdovers—Charles Leach, collector of customs, and Frank McCall, collector of internal revenue. John P. Green, one of the most influential negro politicians in Ohio, was recently deprived of Washington for years of government service since he left Washington. It is reported that the President is considering a proposition, backed by powerful negro influences, to put Green in the place either of Leach or McCall.

All Records Broken.

With Representative Capron, of Rhode Island, presiding, the House yesterday broke every new record in the matter of passing legislation. In exactly one hour and thirty-five minutes by the clock 28 separate pension bills were passed. Had the clerks been able to read the titles faster there is no doubt that a greater number than this would have been passed. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars will be eventually paid out of the Treasury under the terms of this record-breaking legislation cannot now be estimated, as the total amount will of course depend upon the length of time the beneficiaries will survive. No objection was raised to any of the bills. It will take almost as much time for the President to affix his signature to the 28 bills as was consumed in passing them.

Statesmen and Their Diet.

Now that the Senate lunch hour is publicly figuring in legislation, visitors to the Capitol are manifesting curiosity to learn what the nation's great men eat at mid-day. Only a comparatively few of them are sumptuous diners, and nearly all of them, as far as can be judged by the orders they give for lunch, eat the simplest foods. For example, Senator Culberson every day about 1 o'clock one piece of pumpkin pie with a glass of sweet milk to wash it down. Senator Spooner's daily lunch in the Senate restaurant is one portion of plain hominy, liberally sprinkled with salt and pepper. Senator Elkins fares more luxuriously than either of these, and nearly always has his lunch served in his committee room. He starts with a dozen raw oysters and winds up with rare roast beef or steak. Senator Foraker is a voracious eater at luncheon, and seems indifferent to the kind or variety of the food he consumes, merely seeing to it that there is an abundance of it. Senator Lodge's favorite dishes are poached eggs on toast, followed by a can of sardines, and after this black coffee. Senators Aldrich and Bacon frequently convert their Senate lunches into elaborate social affairs, and invariably have them served in their committee rooms, whether or not they have company. The Rhode Island entertaining society leaders at these lunches (two or three times a week during the social season). The Senator from Maine also is fond of having bright company at his committee room lunches. Ench has handsome silver services that are used on such occasions.

FRIDAY LUCK.

Tues. Friday when Columbus first set foot upon our soil.
Tues. Friday when the river's gleam rewarded Hudson's toil.
Tues. Friday when the Pilgrim dials on Plymouth set them down;
The Mayflower, on a Friday morn,
Sailed into Provincetown.

And Friday was the day
Of our George Washington.
Of Martin Luther, Winfield Scott,
Of Gladstone and Disraeli, too;
Of Isabel and me—
Oh, Tuesday's the lucky day
Of days in history.

And yet, though backed my sober face,
I can't believe it.
For 'twas on Friday eve, likewise,
That Isabel said "No."
—C. W. R., in the Century.

CORTELYOU AND TREASURY.

Charges as to His Appointment Declared to Be Dishonest.

From the New York Sun.
We imagine that the real vigor of the opposition to Mr. Cortelyou will diminish, if not, indeed, disappear, with the sudden departure for Europe of Mr. James Stillman, of the City Bank, a most inconsiderate step on his part and one which has deeply wounded the susceptibilities of Mr. Roosevelt's Interstate Commerce Committee.

All the charges handed about in relation to Mr. Cortelyou's appointment to the Treasury have been dishonest and disingenuous, and have been inspired by disreputable motives. Not one of them would bear investigation. If looked into, would reflect in the slightest degree upon his fitness for the Secretaryship or upon his ability to perform his duties. Mr. Roosevelt has long meditated Mr. Cortelyou for the place, and the Sun long since, and when many matters were vastly different, gave its hearty approval to the selection. It believed then, as it believes now, that a better man cannot be found, or one who possesses more exceptional qualifications; and there is only one regret worth mentioning, and that is that he was not installed there long ago.